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MISCELLANY.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey' papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows :

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Auderly, a Virginian lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan heiress, grand-daughter and ward of Madame Auderly.

The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawe's Hole—was the property of old Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern farm—named, from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion-house, elaborate out-buildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the owner, "Farquier's Folly" —was the heavily-mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, the grandson of Hugh Hawe, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had brought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grand-son the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Farquier's Folly.

At this time, the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and, indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, and passed through on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church next morning.

The next day, Godfrey Dulanie attended church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual-looking girl he had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire, he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Auderly's, in whose pew she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the clergyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine home after church, what was his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Honora Paule, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the State of Virginia. She greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were buisily engaged in conversation. The topic of "capital punishment" having been started, Godfrey turned to Honora, and said :

"I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?"

Honora started, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them answered—

"Sir, why did you ask me if I believe in astrology?"

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near, with eager interest.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulanie, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed, would certainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the penalty. Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achbad, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue.

"Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to cast my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went—"

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horoscope was a HORROR-scope indeed! It predicted for me—a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death.'

"Good Heaven! But—the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass.'

"And that was—?"

"The loss of my patrimonial estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding that he continued silent, she said—

"Well, Mr. Dulanie, go on! what was the third predicted event?,'

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir ; I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so.'

"Very well, "he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone, "It was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired—

"And the fourth?"

The answer came reluctantly, and in tones so low as to meet only her ear.

"The fourth and last prediction was that *before my twenty-fifth birth-day I should perish on the scaffold.*"

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet firmness—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autum following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby, who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then practicing in that city. And after some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birthday, I should be a bride, but never a wife, for that *the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the nupital benediction and the bridal chamber.* Such were the words of the prophecy." She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.

THE SYBIL'S CIRCLE.

The next day, Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Auderly, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for several days, with Madame Auderly ; and the old lady, in his honor, at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Louherty, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland.

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawe—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, pensive woman, with a sort of sad, moonlight face, beaming softly out between her fleecy locks of jet.

And, last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Hawe, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy, and was not in the least degree expected to make his appearance.

He came not alone. On his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom, with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend, and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning, and whom, presuming on Madame Auderly's well-known kindness, he had ventured to present to her.

Madame Auderly, a reader of faces, was certainly attracted towards her ; and, after a little talk, that confirmed hor first favorable impressions she took the hand of the orphan girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr. Dulanie, and Honora Paule.

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auderly, they were just about to form what she called a Sybil's Circle, for which purpose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the "Sybil's leaves," which she presently produced. All then seated themselves around the table.

A dead silence reigned. Rose shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then, addressing her right-hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded—

"What would yould you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partner of my life," was the formal answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated for a while, smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one.

"Read!" he said, extending the card to the Sybil.

"Hear!" she exclaimed :

"' A widow, beautiful as light,
'Twill be your lot to wed—
With a rich jointure, which shall pour
Its blessings on your head.' "

There was a general clapping of hands, and shouts of laughter.

It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate. The answer drawn was—

"' To dandle fools and chronicle small beer.' "

a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening.

"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawe!" exclaimed the lively Lily, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people. "Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare, you shall have your fortune told!"

"Well, well—the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Sybil.

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice, she read—

"Thy fate looms full of horror! From false friends,
Near at hand, perdition threatens thee !—
A fearful sign stands in thy house of life !—
An enemy—a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet.—Oh, be warned!' "

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the while been posted behind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawe.

"And what would you with the Sybil?" was the response.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

"Hear!" said the latter, lifting the tablet of fate, and reading—

"*I know thee* !—thou fearest the solemn night!
With her piercing stars, and her deep winds might—
There's a tone in her voice thou fain wouldst shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done !
And thou !—there's a weight on thine !—away !—
Back to thy home and pray !' "

"Look! I declare how pale the doctor has grown!" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One would really think to look at him, that 'a deep remorse for some unacted crime' preyed on him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the latter, turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eyes of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen before.

The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, Rose said :

"What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the luscious tones.

"Invoke the knowledge!"

Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it, as usual, to the Sybil, who read—

"'Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate !
Oh, tempt me not to tell
The doom shall make the desolate,
The wrong thou mayst not quell !
Away ! Away !—for death would be
Even as a mercy unto thee !' "

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rose.

"Not for the world!—now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paule, draw near!" said Mr. Heine.

The check of Honora Paule changed ; yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who, in an effective voice, read—

"'But how is this? A dream is on my soul !
I see a bride—all crowned with flowers, and smiling,
As in delighted visions, on the brink
Of a dread chasm—and thou art she !' "

Honora heard in silence, remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying, to subdue the foreboding of her heart.

"Mr. Dulanie!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be perused.

The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read—

"'*Disgrace and ill,*
And shameful death are near !' "

An irrepressible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" she said: "It is wicked, this tampering with the mysteries of the future!"

The above is the commencement of Mrs. Southworth's great story, which is now being published in the New York Ledger. We give this as a sample ; but it is only the beginning of this most interesting, fascinating, and beautiful tale—the balance, or continuation of it, can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Dedger of January 16, and in it you will get a copy from any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at $2 a year, or two copies for $3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

The story is, of itself alone, worth the price of the Ledger. To peruse the history of the lovely heroine, Miss Paule—how she came to be a bride for only an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a treat for all who take the trouble to get the Ledger.

Her smile so soft, her heart so kind,
Her voice for pity's tones so fit,
All speak her woman:—but her mind
Lifts her where bards and sages sit.

Richard Hoffman.

A TALE OF LOVE ANE RETRIBUTION.

Rachel Bently, the lovely daughter of one of the richest merchants of London, having married George Hoffman, one of her father's clerks, during the old man's absence in India, he on his return disinherited her and discharged George. The latter being overwhelmed by disappointment, took to drink, and in a few years became a habitual drunkard ; his wife supporting herself and two children—Richard, now a fine boy in his thirteenth year, and Mary, a sweet child of six—by selling, one after another, the remnants of her once costly wardrobe and jewelry.

On the last day of December of the year in which our story opens, Rachel was without food, light or fire, and that very day the rent must be paid.

Little Mary was moaning for bread, and crying with cold.

The drunken father was at the dram-shop.

The agonized mother had but one more article of value left—a locket containing a lock of her father's hair. She had hoped to be able to save this, the last memento of her once happy home. But goaded by little Mary's cries for food she seized the locket, rushed to a pawnbroker's, obtained a few shillings, put by the amount of the rent and with the rest purchased a little bread and milk for her children, and then set out, with them, to visit the old confidential clerk of her father, Peter Mangles, who had ever been kind to her, to consult him about sending Richard away from the contaminating influences with which he was surrounded.

On returning home late on New-Year's eve from her fruitless visit, for the old clerk was not at home, Rachel discovered that her husband had been home and stolen the sum she had put by for the rent from the place where she had concealed it, and gone off again to "The Crown and Magpie" tavern to waste it in drunkenness. Little Mary, chilled and hungry, began to cry for food, and the suffering mother, in hopes of regaining a portion of the money taken by her husband, set out with her children to the haunt of vice wither George Hoffman had gone.

There was a great croud at the bar of "The Crown and Magpie." The landlady —a stout, vulgar-looking woman, with red ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers—was buisily engaged in pouring out gin for her customers; the regular ones she was treating—for it must not be forgotten that it was New-Year's eve.

Such was the scene of vice and dissipation which met the eye and sickened the heart of Rachel when, with little Mary in her arms, and protected by the presence of her son she ventured into the house.

"Is Mr. Hoffman here?" she inquired, faintly.

The question had to be repeated several times before she could get an answer.

"Cant tell the names of any of my customers," replied the mistress of "The Crown and Magpie," snappishly.

"Perhaps you will oblige me by ascertaining."

"Too busy, ma'am! Hot water Sally! Three and eight-pence, sir. Half-and-half directly!

"You can't go in there!" shouted the landlady, as Rachel was making her way towards the parlor. "Mine is a respectable house; I allow no female beyond the bar."

"But I am Mr. Hoffman's wife."

"So they all SAY," answered the woman, with a sneer.

There was a coarse, mocking laugh from the crowd of half drunken wretches standing near. The eyes of Richard flashed angrily; but the voice, and still more, the imploring look of his mother restrained him,

"Let us return home," she said, in a desparingly tone. "I feel faint and sick at heart."

And leaning on the arm of her son, the unhappy wife tottered rather than walked from the place.

The keen, frosty air partially restored her strength and Rachel proceeded with here children till she reached the thoroughfar leading through St. Margaret's churchyard towards the Almonry, when a faint moan from Mary, whom she still carried in her arms, arested her steps. She placed her hand under the thin faded shawl which covered her; the child was cold as ice, and shivering, as if seized with an ague fit.

"She is dying!" groaned the terror-stricken parent—"dying for the want of food!"

The heart of her boy could endure no more—it was breaking. The cup of misery and endurance had been filled to overflowing. His brain was on fire—tears could not quench it.

"Take her home mother!" he cried—"take her home! never fear but I will bring you food! Mary shan't die! I'll beg—beg," he added; "anything to save her!"

"Richard! Richard! do not leave me!" shrieked his agonized parent. "Let me not lose both my children! if you love your mother, return—for pity's sake return!"

The appeal came too late. Her son, stung, maddened beyond endurance by the sufferings of those so dear to him, had broken from her feeble grasp, darted down the thoroughfare, and was already beyond the reach of her voice.

Rachel clung to the railings of the churchyard for support, till a second moan, still fainter than the first, sent a pang through her maternal breast.

"She must not die in the streets!" murmured Rachel. Home—home! if I have strength to reach it."

"Oh, God!" she cried with a sudden burst of anguish, "protect my boy! Shield shield him from crime; guard him against vices and the hideous snares which in a thousand forms assail unfriended youth; or take him," she added solemnly, "take him in Thy mercy."

It was a Christian's prayer wrung from a mother's heart, uttered in faith, in agony, and tears; and angels bore it to the mercy-seat on high.

Clasping her perishing child yet closer to her aching bosom the drunkard,s wife hastened to her home.

As Richard Hoffman rushed along the streets, scarce knowing whither he went, and only intent on the one idea of getting, by SOME means, food for his famished mother and sister, he was hailed by Jack Manbers, an impish acquaintance who lived near Richard's home, and to whom he told the desperate state in which he had left those so dear to him. Jack listened with much interest, and at once proposed to Richard to help him to pick the pocket of an old gentleman, who was staring into a window on the opposite side of the street. Richard refused with horror, although Jack urged the necessity of at once getting something to save the life of his mother and little Mary. Jack then undertook the business alone, and just as he had relieved the old gentleman of his pocket-book, a policeman sprang from a doorway to arrest him; but Jack made good his escape Not so Richard, who was at once seized by the policeman as an accomplice of the escaped pickpocket.

"I am no thief, sir," cried Richard breaking from the strong grasp that held him and throwing himself at the feet of the old gentleman, who had just come to the spot, "though poverty and hunger tempted to me become one. My mother and sister are

The future history and trials of this poor boy will be given in the New York Ledger of January 16, which is for sale at all the bookstores and news offices.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers : like souls at rest
The stars shine gloriously ; and all
Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head ; when will it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the morning tempest bow
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem ; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die ;
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,
To stain the plumage of sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears.

Ay, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a wither'd tree.
Whose last frail, untimely sere,
Went down with thee !

Oft, from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse on thee, only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there!
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave ; and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child !

Yes, bless your weeping child ;
And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine,
O, give his spirit, undefiled,
To blend with thine !

"NOBODY BUT A PRINTER."

Such was the sneering remark of a person residing not a thousand miles from the door of our sanctum, in refering to the profession we follow with pride. "Nobody but a printer," in sooth! It makes our blood run rampant through our veins to hear such expressions from the lips of those nursed on republican soil. "Nobody but a printer, anyhow!" What was Benjamin Franklin? "Nobody but a printer." What was Wm. Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? "Nobody but a printer." What was Earl of Stanhope? "Nobody but a printer." What was Governor Bigler of Pennsylvania and Governor Bigler of California?—"Nobody but printers." Geo. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Joseph Gales, Charles Richardson, Jas. Harper, Horace Greely, Bayard Taylor, Robt. Sears, Charles Dickens, M. Theirs, Douglas Jerrold, Geo. D. Prentice, and Senators, Dix, Cameron, and Niles? "Nobody but printers, and we expect they were carriers. And last though not least, what was Buchanan, who occupies the most enviable position on earth? "Nobody but a printer." One thing is evident : every person that chooses can't be a printer. Brains are necessary.

Reason and liberty are incompatible with weakness.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Illinois Penetentiary is now full to overflowing having five hunded and seventy-two convicts.

SPECIE IN NEW YORK.—The New York papers say that there is more gold and silver in circulation in that city at the present time than was ever before known.

MONUMENT TO DR. KANE.—The Freemasons of New York propose to erect a monument in honor of Dr. Kane—a snow-peak of immense height—in the park of the Cooper Institute, to be of white marble, of irregular shape, with four tables in the base, appropriately inscribed.

MARRIED.—Miss Matilda Heron, the actress, was married on Sunday week, in New York, to Mr. Robert Stoepel, late conductor of the orchestra at Wallack's Theater. Mrs. Stoepel will reside a short time in that city, when she will start for Paris.

RECRUITS FOR WALKER.—The steamer Isabel, which arrived at Charleston, from Havana and Key West on the 28th ult., brought a report from the latter place that a barque passed that point on Christmas day with six hundred men on board, who were proceeding to General Walkers aid.

Loefner, the wife-murderer of Cincinnati, has been sentenced to be hung on the 30th of April next, Judge Carter having overruled the motion for a new trial.

Commodore Paulding, whose name is now prominently before the country, is said to be a son of Paulding of Revolutionary memory, who, with Williams and Van Wert, arrested Maj. Andre.

The Missouri papers record the death of Judge Robert Ewing, long connected with the judiciary of that State, at his residence near Jefferson City.

Our Minister to Russia, ex-Governor Seymour, transmitted by the last steamer $175 for the relief of the poor of the city of Hartford.

Emigrants are returning home by almost every steamer. The Wyoming, from Philadelphia on Monday week, took 250 steerage passengers back to Ireland.

The combined salaries of the Governors of four New England States amounts to $4,900.

Fordham, the rider of Prioress during her second heat for the Cesarewitch, was victor last year in eighty-four races.

There is at present a heavier amount of tonage at Mobile than was ever before collected there.

Capt. P. N. Guthrie, of Cincinnati, who was a gallant soldier in the Mexican War, died in Newport, Ky., on Tuesday last.

James F. Cresc was killed in a distillery in Baltimore, last week, by being drawn into the machinery.

The large cotton factory at Brunswick, Maine, having changed hands, again went into operation on the 1st inst.

A bill to prevent runaway matches has been introduced in the Kentucky Legislature.

Hon. Stephen Vickery, an early settler in Michigan, died at Schoolcraft last week; he was the whig candidate for Governor in 1845.

DISASTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—On the 31st ult. a fishing boat was wrecked on Lake Michigan, attended by the loss of nine lives.

Col. Jack Hays, of "Texas Rangers," notoriety, arrived at New Orleans on Wednesday last, from California, on a brief visit to his friends.

One hundred and ninety-eight thous-hogs have been killed during the past year in the vicinity of Louisville, Ky.

It is said that Mr. Hotekiss, of Lyons, New York, is the greatest producer of peppermint in the world. He has from two to three hundred acres under cultivation and sells to the amount of $75,000 to $100,000 worth of oil annually.

Freights at Louisville are unusually low. Flour has been shipped from that port to New Orleans at twenty cents per barrel, and pork at correspondingly low figures.

Dr. D. D. Owen, the eminent State Geologist of Arkansas, has discovered a valuable coal field in Randolph county, Arkansas.

R. W. Hughes, Esq., late editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, has connected himself with the *Washington Union* as assistant editor.

The Galveston (Texas) News announces the death of the Rev. Daniel Baker, of Austin, an eminent divine, and founder of the Austin College.

There is now living in Burnside, Pa., a Mr. Ludwick Snyder, 111 years old. His wife Jane is 107 years old. The date of their marriage is not given, but supposing Ludwick was twenty-one years old at that distant epoch, they have been living together as man and wife ninety-two years.

The Texas Legislature has passed a bill which allows free negroes who may desire it, to select masters and become slaves.

The "Knights of St. Leon" challenge all other knights to meet them at a tournament in Tallahassee, Fla., on the 20th inst.

The Boston papers assert that the present year has been more disastrous to the commerce of Boston, than any other within the present century.

German journals brought by the Adriatic contain the intelligence of the death of the famous German sculptor, Christian Rauch.

Take away discretion, and virtue becomes vice.